Enter Piſtoll, the French man, and the Boy.

Piſt. Eyld cur, eyld cur.
French. O Monſire,ie vous en pree aues petie de moy.
Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerue.*I* will haue fortie moys.
Boy aske him his name.
Boy. Comant ettes vous apelles?
French. Monſier Fer.
Boy. He ſaies his name is Maſter *Fer.*
Piſt. Ile Fer him,and ferit him,and ferke him:
Boy diſcus the ſame in French.
Boy. Sir I do not know,whats French
For fer,ferit and ferkt.
Piſt. Bid him prepare,for I wil cut his throate.
Boy. Feate,vou preat,ill voulles coupele votre gage.
Piſt. Onye ma foy couple la gorge.
Vnleſſe thou giue to me egregious raunſome,dye.
One poynt of a foxe.

French. Qui dit ill monſiere.
Ill dityeſi vou ny vouly pa domy luy.
Boy. La gran ranſome,ill vou tueres.
French. O Iee vous en pri pertit gentelhome,parle
A cee,gran capataine,pour auez mercie
A moy,ey Iee donerees pour mon ranſome
Cinquante ocios.Ie ſuyes vngentelhome de *France.*
Piſt. What ſayes he boy?
Boy. Marry ſir he ſayes,he is a Gentleman of a great
Houſe,of *France*:and for his ranſome,
He will giue you 500. crownes.
Piſt. My fury ſhall abate,
And I the Crownes will take.
And as I ſuck blood,I will ſome mercie ſhew.
Follow me cur. *Exit omnes.*

Enter the King and his Nobles, Piſtoll.

King. What the French retire?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22289) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LI